

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH.
BY THE DISPATCH COMPANY

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1896.

THIS PAPER RECEIVES THE COMBINED TELEGRAPHIC-NEWS SERVICE OF THE SOUTHERN ASSOCIATED PRESS AND THE UNITED PRESS.

THE OUTLOOK.

The work done yesterday by the Republicans in the great cities of the country was intended to frighten the followers of Bryan. But our men are not of the sort to be "frightened" by the flaunting of flags, the rattling of drums, and blowing of horns. In the first place, ours is largely a country vote, and, as is well known, the farmer makes up his mind with due deliberation, and, this done, he is not easily changed. In the cities we have a fair proportion of business and professional men, and an overwhelming majority of the labor vote. And these Democrats are as firmly fixed in opinion as the farmers. True, some of our workmen have to parade yesterday in the McKinley processions; but this only added to the list of grievances that they have against the purse-proud and oppressive Republican party, and will be duly resented when the voter gets into the voting booth.

We have a marvellously fine leader in Bryan, and we have but to do our duty as well as he has done his, and go to the polls and vote and work, to give him the victory. We have no money with which to pay workers, but we ought to have plenty of workers at the polls—volunteers, admirers of Bryan, lovers of our cause, true-blue Democrats. With plenty of such volunteers we shall be able to check the enemy in their tricks, see that there is no bullocking and no coercion done, and carry our banner to victory.

If we but carry the canvass on to the end with as much enthusiasm and vigor as we have put into it so far, all Hanna's money and all of McKinley's men cannot prevail against us. So, we say, be of good cheer; redouble your exertions; organize well for election-day; work, and have faith that with such a movement all along our Democratic line victory cannot escape us.

VOTES THAT MONEY CAN'T BUY.

Hundreds and thousands of well-paid men, chosen where possible from voters who are "on the fence," will appear at the polls in all parts of this land on Tuesday next as McKinley "workers," or as Palmer "workers."

This is nothing less than an attempt to buy votes, or, at any rate, the influence of voters, without subjecting the buyers to the penalties of the law, and is a part of that widespread scheme which is designed to divert support from Bryan to McKinley. It is part and parcel, too, of that conspiracy which has for its object the coercion of corruption employees and the way-billing of negroes from party headquarters through the voting booth to the Affidavit Committee.

But for the big corporations and the help of the great capitalists, McKinley would not be in this fight at all. Isn't this true? Can there be any question about it? But money cannot reach everywhere and everybody. There are millions of farmers who are not going to be influenced by it; but, on the contrary, will be confirmed in their present opinions by the immense cost that the Wall-street party is willing to be put to to kill off the free-silver movement. There are millions of workmen in the cities, whose leaders long ago examined this question and declared for free silver, who cannot be coerced or cowed or persuaded by pecuniary rewards to wear the badge of the enemy or to vote his ticket. And then there are many, many others belonging to neither of these classes, worthy, intelligent, and influential citizens also, who will not bow the knee to Bismarck, will not consent to see a presidential election corrupted, nor help to strike down so noble a party as ours and so lovable a leader as Bryan.

No; Tuesday's election will show that when public opinion is aroused, as it is now, when a great cause is to be sustained, as it is now, true manhood and the liberty-loving spirit of the American people will assert themselves and carry the day. Talk about danger to our country, what danger is there comparable with that of allowing the presidency to be decided by money, rather than by men? Bryan will have plenty of volunteers to work for him at the polls, and we wager their influence against all the influences that McKinley, Hanna, and Palmer can bring against them.

In Norfolk Bourke Cockran tried to squirm out of responsibility for speaking of the southern Democrats as "unredeemed slaveholders," &c.; but the Norfolk

Virginian has taken the trouble to telegraph to New York, and secure proof that Cockran was by no means misinterpreted by the press reports. It seems to us that after Cockran had thus vilified our people it was in exceedingly bad taste for the gossamer to bring him to Norfolk.

TIMES CHANGE.

Ten or twenty years ago, who would have thought that there would be found in 1896 in the city of Richmond some scores of young men, sons of Confederate soldiers, too, who would be voting with the party that tried to disfranchise Robert E. Lee, Joseph E. Johnston, Matthew Maury, Fitz Lee, and hundreds of our best and bravest men?

Who then would have supposed that here in Richmond, where 25,000 graves are filled with the dust of men who died for us, there would be found sons of our veterans who would vote for a man who rode by Sheridan's side through the Valley of Virginia, firing roofs over defenseless women's heads, driving them naked into the cold and darkness, burning mills and barns, and leaving a track marked by dead bodies and smoking ruins?

Who would have supposed that Richmonders would be found boasting of their purpose to vote for such a man in preference to a Virginian's son; a pure-hearted, patriotic, eloquent young man, whom the people love, and whose election would be a foregone conclusion, but for the power of Wall street and the big corporations?

Who that lived here when raiders pointed at our gates, and sent their shells whizzing into our streets almost; who that saw our mothers weeping over their own dead, or nursing wounded lads that were strangers to them—who would have thought that a day would come when men, calling themselves Richmond Democrats, would go to the polls in a contest for congressman and try to vote down the son of such a mother; one, who, though but a youth, was a soldier and an officer of ours, and whose person bears the marks of wounds received for our sake?

THE FARMERS.

No class was ever more vilified than the farmer class has been during this campaign by the general run of the Republicans and Bolter organs and leaders. A better idea of the extent to which this vilification has been carried is nowhere afforded than in the Springfield Republican, which appears in the Springfield Republican, an Independent (good) paper. The Republican, after declaring that "it is a very serious indictment which our gold-standard friends and allies are leveling against their own flesh and blood," adds:

"He (the American farmer) has always breathed the air of liberty; he has ever been a political freeman; he has been taught the lesson of revolt against oppression in every school history; his father and grandfather have been politicians before him, and political agitation has to him ever been the solution of political, social, and economic problems. He is proud of his country, and he is proud of his country, because they were so free, so strong, so ambitious, so restless. If you will, are we suddenly to change this view, because the American farmer is alleged to support the doctrine of the free coinage of silver; to call him shiftless, a debt-shirker, mercenary?"

And, again:

"Such slander, such defamation of the American farmer, is not necessary in this campaign. It is a wanton and dangerous attack upon what counts as the backbone of the most conservative and trustworthy class of society. The American farmer is honest, if he does not believe in gold standard, he is a sterner man than any honest count we have. The future of the country rests with him, and it could never be in safer hands."

Every word the Republican says in defense of the farmers is true; and, in the truths the Republican utters we find one of the most intelligent reasons why the farmers are almost solidly arrayed against the Republicans and their bolting allies.

VIRGINIA DEMOCRATS LIEBLED.

The New York Herald of Friday states that the Republican and sound money Democratic campaign managers are aware of a preconcerted plan on the part of the silverites to steal the electoral vote of Virginia under cover of the peculiar form of the Australian ballot law which exists in this State. Also that both the sound money parties have taken such steps as are within their power to defeat this plan.

This libel is presumably uttered upon the authority of one N. B. Scott, as the Herald closes its article as follows:

"N. B. Scott, member of the National Committee from West Virginia, who has been in Virginia for several days past attending to these details, said yesterday: 'An honest count we have a majority of at least 6,000 for McKinley in old Virginia. We hope to secure an honest count, but even if they cheat us out of 20,000, we will still be able to win in the State.'"

Silverites steal the State, forsooth! Could impudence reach a higher development? Yet the object in making the charge against the Democrats is plain. It is to divert public attention, if possible, from the efforts of the Bolter and Republican emissaries to debauch Virginia election officers and coerce corruption employees into voting against their will. As for Scott's claim that McKinley will carry Virginia, it is as immense as a bluff as the Herald's libel is outrageous.

So the President not only does not propose to vote on Tuesday, but proposes, instead, if he is not misrepresented, to show his indifference to the great occasion by going ducking. That's the sort of patriot he is. And his fellow-bolter, Carlisle, is in the same position of contemptuous unconcern. He has also thrown away his vote by failing to take the trouble to register. What kind of leaders are these for any honest Democrat to follow?

To Correspondents: We have on hand half a hundred manuscripts dealing with political questions of the hour, which we cannot use, by reason of the nearness of the election, and the obligations that we are under to give preference to the publication of current news. We thank our friends for their favors, and deeply regret that we are utterly unable to make room for their contributions.

You will see lots of men at the polls wearing yellow badges; but remember that most of those men are paid for wearing those badges. The men who wear white badges are giving their service.

"Eternal vigilance is the price of safety," and the Democrat who doesn't vote on next Tuesday deserves to wear the chains of financial servitude.

BE A DEMOCRAT.

A vigorous effort is now being made to induce the Democratic bolters of Virginia to abandon the Palmer standard and support McKinley. To leave Palmer would be well enough, but to vote for the Republican nominee would be to do what you have all along said you would not do. If you did but know it, some of the Palmer leaders in this State have so far committed themselves to McKinleyism that to retrace their steps would be well-nigh impossible, and now, for comfort and consolation, they wish to carry you over to the enemy too. It is another case of the fox, who, having had his tail docked by a steel-trap, has suddenly discovered how very handsome and shapely the short-tailed fox is.

Don't follow any such blundering leaders. Don't enlist in the Republican army, even for one campaign. Line up with the great mass of your white brothers. Don't give the Virginia Republicans the benefit of your vote, to strengthen them in next year's campaign. Be a Democrat—in action as well as in name. It is unbelievable that McKinley can carry Virginia. The white counties are overwhelmingly for Bryan and the whites of the black counties are practically all Bryan men. The McKinleyites can only count upon the blacks for the bulk of their vote. So, wandering Democrats, instead of changing from Palmer to McKinley, change from Palmer to Bryan. Vote as the mass of Virginians will vote—for Bryan and Sewall and the Democratic nominee for Congress. After the election you will be glad that you did so; it will be better for you and for Richmond and for Virginia. Stand together, Richmond Democrats; don't separate yourselves from the body of Virginia Democrats. In this matter interest and affection both urge us to see that Richmond keeps her place in the Democratic line.

This city is Democratic; it is loyal to Virginia; let us give proof of all these things by the results of the election here on Tuesday.

HANNA'S HOODLE.

Through our correspondents in various sections of the State we have heard that there is complaint among the negroes that they have not seen any of Hanna's hoodle, and that as a consequence some of the ever-faithful sound disposed to go back on their record for adhering to the C. O. P. We put very little credence in reports of negro lukewarmness or disaffection towards Republicanism. At any rate, the Democrats have nothing to lose by always counting the negro in the Republican column, and calculating that he will vote his full strength. The negroes can be quickly organized by their leaders. They are easily marshalled on short notice, and, as they are of a secretive nature, especially so far as politics are concerned, there is no telling how far the still-bum has been carried with them.

Nevertheless, it is quite certain that there is some mystery about the distribution of Hanna's corruption fund in many quarters, and it may be that the Suffolk Herald affords the key to that mystery. That paper says it is reported that the Republicans "desire to get the names of election officers in Virginia, in order to test them with arguments" from Hanna's corruption fund, \$200 of which, it is said, has been received by some of the faithful in Nansemond county for the purpose of placing it where it will do the most good."

Here is a pretty piece of business for the sanctified, super-heated combination to be engaged in. While the organs of the party are howling for alleged honest money and pure elections, and bawling the moral degeneracy of all who do not bow down and worship at the single, gold-standard altar, their emissaries are seeking a way to corrupt election officers. Was there ever a more damnable illustration of arrant hypocrisy? We concur with the Herald in believing that our election officers will resist this insult. We are confident that they will spurn with indignation all attempts to bribe them, and cause them to violate their oath of office. Yet, we would say that, if any election officers there are who shall be found open to Hanna's arguments, we be unto them. Their sins will find them out; and, even should they escape the vengeance of the law, they will be regarded for the rest of their lives as pariahs in their respective communities.

THE MASK DROPS.

In their desperation, the Republicans have at last confessed their duplicity in respect of the force bill, the confession coming in the form of a threat against the South for espousing the cause of Bryan and Sewall. It will be remembered that early in the campaign every warning the southern people uttered touching the danger of allowing the South-baiters to get into power again was met by the Republican and Bolter organs and leaders with the "assurance" that the day of sectionalism and force bills had passed; and that upon nothing did these organs and leaders ring the changes more than upon McKinley's honeyed delation on this question. Even the Richmond Times, despite its "atrocious doctrines" and "bayonet rule and negro domination," expressed the belief that the force bill was defunct, and joined in the soft, seductive chorus with which its northern Republican and Bolter allies sought to lull to sleep southern incredulity as to the honesty of our ancient enemies in holding out the hand of reconciliation.

The Dispatch never put the slightest faith in the protestations of any of the Republican and Bolter organs and leaders that the Republican party had experienced a change of heart towards the South. We always regarded these overtures as a case of gift-bearing Greeks, and this view has been fully justified. Now the scream of the vulture has drowned the coo of the dove, and the wolf has thrown off his sheep's clothing. In his blind fury at failure to cajole the South into being untrue to herself, the unholy combination gives the lie to all its previous assertions that sectionalism and force-bill legislation are dead, and boldly essays to bulldoze the South into bowing her neck to the yoke of Republicanism, kissing the hand that smothered, and caressing the hyena that so long preyed upon her vitals.

In its issue of Friday the New York Times, which represents the venom and the purposes of both the Republicans and the northern Bolters, says:

"Those southern Democrats who imagine that the maintenance of the solidarity of the South would be a safeguard against 'force bills' in the future would do well to consider the effect upon the northern mind of such a calamity as the election

of Bryan brought about by the 'solid South,' or the holding together of the old Confederate States against sound currency, and the maintenance of the honor and credit of the nation. The effect would not be confined to Republican minds by any means, and the holding of that dangerous attitude by the 'solid South' in alliance with the silver States, even though Bryan is to be defeated, will produce something of the same impression, and it will not be favorable to defeating those States from force bills hereafter."

This is a distinct threat that, whichever way the election goes, an effort will be made to punish the South, if she shows any degree of solidarity for Bryan and Democracy. Ay, more: It is a distinct and unmistakable declaration, of the purpose of the northern Republicans and the apostate northern Democrats, to conspire for the punishment of the South in the event named, which punishment would mean treating her as a conquered province of the North, placing her again under the heel of the negro, planning her down with Federal bayonets, and holding to her lips the bitter chalice that was forced upon her in the days of reconstruction, in the effort to poison the very well-springs of her civilization.

We thank the New York Times for its words, for we find little believe that no true southern man, after reading and digesting them, and taking in their animus, will give adherence to the unpatriotic, sectional, South-baiting, revolutionary alliance that paper speaks for. The Times's threat and confession should rally the southern people to the Democratic standard, as they have not been rallied since they overthrew negro and carpet-bag domination, and unite them as one man in bidding defiance to the enemy. Our only regret is that that confession and threat cannot be read in every household in the Southland between now and the 3d of November.

THE YELLOW SLIP NO GOOD.

The Republicans are scattering printed memorandums to be placed in the hands of illiterate voters, and directing the said voters to require the judges to prepare their ballots from the memorandum. The same thing was attempted in the spring election in 1885. The following, says the Northern Neck News, is a letter from Attorney-General Scott to C. Conway Baker, secretary of the Electoral Board of Westmoreland:

Commonwealth of Virginia, Attorney-General's Office, Richmond, Va., April 30, 1885. MR. C. CONWAY BAKER: Dear Sir:—You are invited to the 24th instant is before you. The illiterate voter cannot take with him into the booth a "memorandum" and upon it require a special constable to prepare his ticket. He must conform to the law's requirement and do such service as it allows the constable to render, and this service must be rendered in the mode the law lays down and prescribes. This is my view and answer. Yours very truly,

R. TAYLOR SCOTT.

Every judge who acts in the capacity of special constable should have his attention directed to this opinion and govern himself accordingly.

PROSPECT IN VIRGINIA.

It is in evidence that the Republicans and their Bolter allies have become so demoralized and rattled by the prospect of the result of Bryan's tour of Illinois, that they are relinquishing their efforts to "influence" the result in Virginia. In other words, it would seem that they have practically given up Illinois, and are pinning their hope of McKinley's election to the operation of their coercive measures and the distribution of Hanna's hoodle in the Old Dominion. But they reckon without their own will. In this matter, Tuesday night, when we will find Virginia safely in the Democratic column, with ten Democrats elected to the next United States House of Representatives, as the conservative reviews of the situation and outlook in the several congressional districts of the State we publish this morning will show.

Workmen are urged to vote early in the morning (Tuesday)—before 7 o'clock, if possible.

Clerks are asked to vote in the afternoon; the polls close at 5:30 P. M.

Business-men are asked to vote in the middle of the day, and give workmen and clerks a chance to vote in the early morning and late afternoon.

The "Hanna Healers," as Chairman Jones appropriately calls them, have now, on the eve of the election, thrown off all disguise, and shown that the Palmer bolter, which they have led, has been in the interest of McKinley only. Let honest Democrats come out from among them. There is yet time.

That was, indeed, a great parade in New York yesterday and last night, swelled, as it was, by thousands of straight Democrats, who are as certainly and conscientiously for sound money as any mere gold-bug in the land. No party has a copyright on the American flag.

Keep tally-sheets, Democrats, of all the agents of the combination that will on Tuesday next endeavor to disfranchise corporation employees by coercion.

Every Democrat who can do so, is asked to go to his precinct early on election-day and remain there as long as possible.

Tom Watson, in his speech of Friday, practically declared himself entirely out of the race. He is bitter, but for Bryan.

Let every Democrat be discreet and cool, and assist the police, when called upon, in preserving order at the polls.

The Chamber of Commerce has advertised the city in one way—the 799 in another.

Drop a Bryan ballot in the box on Tuesday, and help to bring about prosperity.

A vote for McKinley is a vote for four years more of these good Cleveland times.

Three dollars a day is what a man gets for wearing a yellow badge at the polls.

We urge our business-men to reflect that country people have good memories. What will be the effect on Richmond's trade if Richmond goes Republican?

If a dear dollar means cheap shoes, does it mean a cheap shoemaker?

Watch the spotters, and spot the watchers.

Not Up to Expectations.

Mr. Gorgier, who was a great diner-out, had an invalid wife, to whom he was accustomed to bring some little tid-bit on his return from his feasting. After

a banquet at the house of a new neighbor, recently, he was accosted by his wife with:

"Well, dear; you're back, are you? You must have met with an epicure's delight, I know, for the Newcomers are famed for their entertaining. What did you bring home this time?"

"My appetite, dear," was the reply.

A Bicycle Outing.

When first my wife the doctor asked if she could ride a wheel, The shrewd M. D. at once unmasked His patronizing zeal, And said, "Of course, 'Twill change a bit."

That dormant fire of yours; 'Twill prove a tonic, in that it Will keep you out of doors."

E'en so! For out of doors my spouse It's keeping day and night; But, ah! it likewise keeps my house All out of order quite; It keeps my babes, too, out of care; My household, of repose; Me, out of proper table fare, And buttons on my clothes.

Nautical Disaster.

"That canine rivalry we have each night; My dog barks first, and starts the noisy 'round; Until, at last, his voice is drowned and quite In the loud baying of McDougal's hound."

"Ha, Ha! A nautical disaster, that—Or, allegorical thereof, well say—For, when the thing you look more closely at, The bark is lost, you notice, in the bay."

Partially Approved.

Soberly: Well, how did you enjoy your outing yesterday with your best girl? Giddiman: Oh, we had a fare enough time. Soberly: Is that all? Giddiman: That's just what it was, sure enough. With street-cars, steamboats, railways, side-shows, and things of that sort, I was about driven to the conclusion that the old prophet was right when he wrote that "all's fare in love."

Young But Wise.

Tommy had been suffering from a lame back for a day or two, and his mother bought a porous plaster for the same, and prepared to adjust it. As the eyes of little Mabel fell upon the punctured square, she exclaimed:

"Oh, mamma! What are all the holes for?"

"I know," interjected Tommy; "they're for lettin' the pain out."

Ultra Versatile.

Bereaved: Well, Doctor, now that the interval permits my speaking calmly of my husband's demise, I am prompted to ask you your confirmed opinion as to the cause of his death.

Doctor: A complication of diseases, Mamma.

Bereaved: Ah! That was so like him. He always was versatile in everything.

Could Keep a Secret.

Dumbleton: You evidently don't admire young Diddiman; but, let me tell you, he has the reputation of being possessed of no inconsiderable amount of brains.

Flasher: Then I must admit that what you said of him awhile ago is true.

Dumbleton: What was that?

Flasher: That he can keep a secret.

Hashish is a product of hemp, and hemp, in a certain form, is strongly recommended by some people for boarding-house keepers with hashish tendencies.

We have frequently seen it stated that the "lightning rent the heavens," but the amount of the rent is never mentioned.

You're the very man I want," said the farmer to the profane tramp. "I've been looking for some one to shock my corn."

When a public man quails before public criticism he is generally made game of.

In the state of matrimony women are eligible to the governorship.

By the nature of his calling the chemist becomes a testy fellow.

If you mean to vote for Bryan, Sewall, and Lamb, acquaint yourself with the method of preparing the ballot. It is not an easy thing to do at the first trial. See forms in this issue, and test your skill until you are perfect. Put No. 2 out of sight while you are marking No. 1; but afterwards compare your marked ballot with the Dispatch's marked ballot.

History's lurid light on John M. Palmer's Record.

To the Editor of the Dispatch: As there seems to be some question about the record of General John M. Palmer in the South during his career as a military commander in the war between the States, and especially during that part of his career when he was "marching through Georgia," I beg to cite the testimony of Alexander H. Stephens on that question.

In his history of the war Mr. Stephens, after dealing with and refuting the charge of cruelty to prisoners raised against the Confederates, follows the refutation with a brief recital of the barbarities practiced on the people of the South by the commands of certain northern generals—"outrages upon non-combatants, laying waste whole sections of country, attempted annihilation of the necessaries of life, wanton killing of farm stock and domestic animals; the burning of mills, factories, and barns, not sparing orchards or growing crops, or the implements of husbandry; mutilation of county and municipal records; the extraordinary efforts made to stir up servile insurrection, involving the widespread slaughter of women and children; the impious profanation of temples of worship, and even the brutal desecration of the sanctuaries of the dead."

"Private houses," he continues, "were sacked, pillaged, and then burned; all family supplies were destroyed or rendered unfit for use, helpless women and hungry children were left destitute, alike of shelter and food. I know men—old men—non-combatants, men who had nothing to do with the war further than to indulge in that sympathy which nature prompted, who were seized by a licensed soldier and put to brutal torture to compel them to disclose and to deliver up treasure that it was supposed they possessed. They were in many instances hung by the neck until life was nearly extinguished, and then cut down with the promise to desert if their demands were complied with, and threats of repeating the operation to death if they were not. In some instances where parties resisted their lives as well as their purses, watches, and other articles of value, were taken."

Mr. Stephens characterizes these acts as "monstrous violations of the usages of war among civilized nations," as "enormities of a savage character against the only remnants of civilized society, and revolting to the natural sen-

timents of mankind," and adds: "Be- however, usual, and abundant in them. It is almost lamentably true. Facts which have come to my own knowledge, established by indisputable proof, verify the statement in full, both to the letter and spirit. All that I have said, and which much more, is, that the character, was woefully realized by those who suffered from the deeds of Sheridan's men in the Valley, and by those who came within the range of the atrocities attending Sherman's confagration, and devastation in his 'grand march' through Georgia and the Carolinas, as well as by those who were subjected to the merciless ravages of Wilson's and Palmer's marauders."

HE IS THE SAME PALMER.

The words quoted are from the second volume of the work entitled "A Constitutional View of the War Between the States," in the index to the name "Palmer, John M.," followed by a reference to page 610 (the page containing the foregoing extract), so, unless there were two John M. Palmers who were commanders of northern troops in the "march through Georgia," there can be no doubt that the presidential candidate of that name is the same man who was the commander of the "licensed soldiery" characterized by Mr. Stephens as "Palmer's Marauders," to whose "merciless ravages" helpless old men, women, and children of the South were subjected. And southern people of the kindred of the hapless victims of the ruthless war-fares are now asked to turn their backs upon the fairly chosen candidate of their party, as true and brave a tribune of the people as ever championed their cause, and vote to make James B. Weaver, one of the most distinguished of American statesmen, their President. Will they thus reward him for the "merciless ravages" of his "marauders" on the fathers and mothers, the wives and little children of Confederate soldiers? Will they do this at the bidding of a President from Wall street who has been repudiated by his own party and of a member of that President's Cabinet, whose foul defamation of the South certainly does not entitle him to their regard?

Southerners sorrowed for the untimely taking off of Lincoln, they voted for Greeley, a lifelong, ardent Union man and Abolitionist and liberator of Jefferson Davis, and for Hancock, one of the foremost soldiers of the Union army; they paid the tribute of their esteem for a brave and magnanimous foe at the grave of Grant; all this they did without shame or cause for shame. Can they, without abatement, vote with J. Sterling Morton, the defamer of their countrymen, the slanderer of their dead, to place the commander of Palmer's Marauders in the chair of Weaver, one of the noblest and noblest of American statesmen, and of Jackson? Can they be seduced into joining J. Sterling Morton in voting for John M. Palmer solely for the purpose of defeating the duly appointed "standard-bearer of the Democratic party?"

THE AUTHOR OF THE BOOK. The author of the book from which I have quoted was the Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, and one of the most distinguished of American statesmen. That book was written in the discharge of what he felt to be a sacred duty—the vindication of the truth of history and the placing before the world in their true light the actions of the war-fares. He was not swayed by sectional or party prejudices and passion. He defended Grant against what he deemed unjust claims of credit when he was in the army, and he was not given to exaggeration, but was a devotee of truth, known for conservation of views and moderation of statements. He was a man of high character, and was acquainted with his character, will question the absolute truth of what he has thus recorded in the solemn form of history, or suppose him of having used extravagant language, or of having misquoted or distorted the facts in penning the words herein quoted. They have been before the world, unrefuted and uncontradicted for many years, and are recorded in the book in which they are recorded as written for the information of future ages, under a solemn sense of responsibility for the truth of its every statement, and down to this day, for all time to come, will it carry the name of John M. Palmer linked with the merciless ravages of a licensed, marauding soldiery on a defenseless, helpless people. And if the same man, in the extreme forms of tortured old men still, sometimes, across the waste of thirty years, vex his falling vision; if the wailing specters of homeless, freezing, and starving women and children still rise before him and keep him company in the lonely hours of the night-time, then has he realized how true it is that:

"Our acts our angels are, or good or ill, Our fatal shadows that walk by us still."

T. K. OGDEN.

New Orleans, La.

The Violin.

(Christian Register.)

What brown house, with echoing hall, Magic roof, and down to gables tall, What art thou? Polished so well, When has come thy potent spell? Framed thyself in beauty, who knew him, All thy secrets I would know.

From the Architect Supreme Came my pain; a starlight gleam, Sober's darkest night to cheer, Love to man his glory to reveal, Who would mine mine, mine, mine, Finds life, joy, and liberty.

Wee brown house, so frail, so strong, Home of gladness, tears and song, Sounding through thy smiling door, Floating through thy smiling door, Triumph, sorrow, joy, despair, Why has each its echo there?

Lo! A shining hope I stand, Basking all with outstretched hand, Thou may'st find in bending near, Love's deep secrets vocal here. Love is lord my walls within, I am called a violin.

Sour

Stomach, sometimes called water-brash, and burning pain, distress, nausea, dyspepsia, are cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This it accomplishes because with its won't fail power as a blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla gently tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs, invigorates the liver, creates an appetite, gives refreshing sleep, and raises the health tone. In cases of dyspepsia and indigestion it seems to have "a magic touch."

Stomach

With severe pains across my shoulders, and great distress. I had violent nausea which would leave me very weak and faint, difficult to get my breath. These spells came oftener and more severe. I did not receive any lasting benefit from physicians, but found such happy effects from a trial of Hood's Sarsaparilla, that I took several bottles and mean to always keep it in the house. I am now able to do all my own work, which for six years I have been unable to do. My husband and son have also been greatly benefited by Hood's Sarsaparilla—for pains in the back, and after the grip. I gladly recommend this grand blood medicine."

Mrs. PETER BURY, Leominster, Mass.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1. cure all